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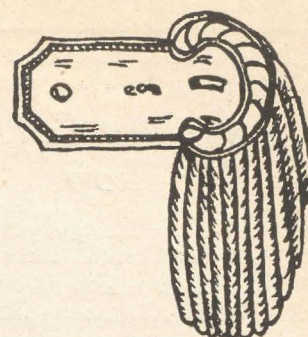
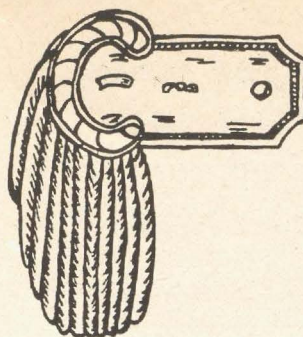
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*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
Expressing Them Make Literature*

CONTENTS

<i>Exchanging Jokes</i>	Sue Carol Workman	2
<i>I Belong to Elaine</i>	Betsy Smith	5
<i>What Does Integrated Education Mean?</i>	Dr. Kurt F. Leidecker	6
<i>Four Flowers</i>	Sue Rosen	8
<i>"Speaking of the Devil"</i>	Peggy Hall	9
<i>515 West</i>	Pat Lancaster	10
<i>See Shoppe</i>		12
<i>Muscle Mania</i>	Sue Swyers	14
<i>Death . . . Man's Last Enemy</i>	Dr. George E. Shankle	16
<i>Did You Know?</i>	Ada Vergne	17
<i>Who's Who?</i>		18
<i>Silent Snow, Secret Snow</i>	Jean Armstrong	21
<i>Quote Quiz</i>	Barbara Rush	22
<i>You Can be an Artist</i>	Cathy Jones	23
<i>We Like People</i>		25

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exchanging jokes

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SUE CAROL WORKMAN, '53

"I've got a friend I'd like you to meet."

Athletic Girl: "What can he do?"

Chorus Girl: "How much has he?"

Literary Girl: "What does he read?"

Society Girl: "Who are his family?"

College Girl: "Where is he?"
—Tempo

A dumb girl is a dope. Dope is drug. Doctors give dope to relieve pain. Therefore, a dumb girl is just what the doctor ordered.

—Polaris

A disc jockey is a guy who lives on spins and needles.

—Widow

There once was a man not unique
Who imagined himself quite a shique
But the girls didn't fall
For the fellow at all

He only made twenty a wique.

—Penn State Froth

If you are caught in hot water—
be nonchalant—take a bath.

—Spectator

A girdle is an elastic supplement
to a stern reality.

—Polaris

There was a young girl from St.
Brides

Who ate green apples and died.

Within the lamented

The apples fermented,

Making cider insider insides.

—Yale Record

Gypsy Rose Lee is one entertainer
they will never be able to pin much
on.

—Turn-Out

The next scene is laid in an insane
asylum. They are serving soup to
nuts.

—Log

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editorial

There is a tomorrow . . . despite the growing wail to the contrary . . . and it's up to us, the college students, to prepare now for the kind of tomorrow we would like to have.

Recently there has been a noticeable "what's the use" attitude among our generation. Books have been put aside for pessimistic discussions about the future . . . "bull sessions" which usually amount to nothing more than foolish theorization on misinformation and rumor. True, the future doesn't look bright to us, and the conflict arises between choosing a slap-happy hedonism or seriously facing the future as a challenge to our intellect, our understanding and our horse sense.

A few of us realize the great importance of our college training and have chosen the latter course, but most of us fall into the former category or a state of inertia half-way between. We certainly must end this status quo now before another profitless day slips by . . . and here's why . . .

First of all, we have much more security than the boys of our age, because we don't have the anxiety

of being "called" hanging over our heads. We know our college careers won't end abruptly. Therefore, we should take advantage of our educational privileges more so now than ever before. Here is where we have the biggest advantage over the rest of the world. Our colleges offer the best in opportunity, instruction and freedom of expression.

Secondly, if we do not all pull together consistently in one direction, we can never hope to have mass strength in settling the problems that will soon be handed to us. College sets up the sign posts, but it is up to us to follow them. The more recruits we have, the stronger will be our future army . . . knowledge, the one invincible army. All armies require discipline, but since we do not have a general to lead us and shout orders, we require self-discipline. We must discipline ourselves to study cause and effect relationships, to think logically, to erase petty disputes and prejudices, and to broaden our scopes so that we may look at the world as a whole . . . one world that needs a common understanding to survive. Tomorrow depends on what we do today!

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The doctor came out of the bedroom to the anxious wife. "Frankly," he said, "I don't like the way your husband looks at all."

"I don't either, Doc," the wife replied, "but he's nice to the children."
—Yale Record

It is reliably reported that the reason Mahatma Gandhi left college was because all the girls were after his pin.
—Advocate

A bargain is a good buy. A good-bye is a farewell. A farewell is to part. To part is to leave. My girlfriend left without a good-bye. She was no bargain anyway.
—Tempo

Ruth rode on my motor-bike,
Directly back of me;
I hit a bump
At sixty-five,
And rode on ruthlessly.

—Old-Line

"Am I the first boy you've ever kissed?"

"Are you being funny or are you working for Kinsey?"

—Yale Record

A bank operates like a friend who loans you an umbrella in fair weather and asks for it back when it starts to rain.
—Spectator

They tell us that a geology major sat up all night trying to figure out where the sun went when it went down. He thought and thought. Finally it dawned on him.

—Penn State Froth

Asking a woman her age
Is like buying a second hand car;
The speedometer's been turned back
But you can't tell how far.

—Widow

Ivy: "You say Bill is pretty sure of himself?"

Room: "I'll say he is. He does crossword puzzles with a pen."

—Advocate

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I Belong To Elaine

by BETSY SMITH, '51

Elaine took the package to her dormitory room and sat on her bed, fingering the thick white cord which held its brown paper wrappings in place. She stared at the address: Miss Elaine Warren, Box 1237, Pinehill College for Women, Pinehill, S. C. She stared at the return address: Mr. Tod Benton, Andrews University, Meyerstown, S. C.

She wanted to throw the shoe-box sized package down the incinerator. She wanted to cry, too—because she had been so sure that it was all over—that Tod understood she didn't want to see him again, or write to him either, for that matter. She knew she wasn't going to drop it in the incinerator with the rest of Tod's souvenirs. She would see what he had sent to her—what he could possibly find to send her after she had so tactfully told him last week-end about Jim and their plans to be married two months after her graduation in June.

Her fingers pulled at the crazy knot and an oblong box slipped from within the heavily creased wrapping. A letter slipped out, too. The envelope simply read, "Elaine." It was brief, and carefully—too carefully panned:

Dear Elaine,

Since you feel that we both have been acting "childish" these past months, I'm sending you a toy to keep you happy. I made the tag myself, so it will never be lost.

Hope you enjoy it.

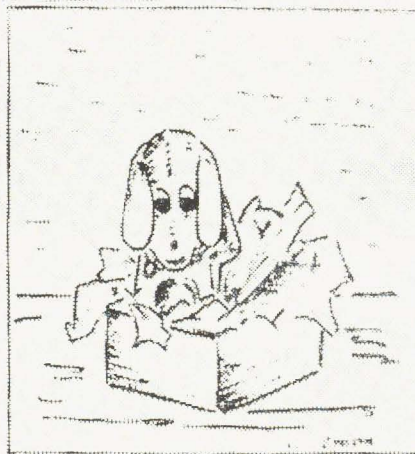
Tod

She tossed the letter on her bed and snatched at the white tissue paper concealing her "toy." A dog emerged—a stuffed dog, in two-toned grey and green, the Andrews University colors. And around its neck hung a silver chain and tag. Elaine held the little oval tag to the light and read, in a rather shaky engraving, "I belong to Elaine."

She laughed—a hysterical laugh. But it really wasn't funny. It was maddening that he could think he was being anything but childish to have done this.

"I'll send it back just as fast as it came!" she thought as she flicked the sad-eyed mongrel back into its box and began to stuff the tissue over a protruding leg. And then, she stopped—

"Why, this is exactly what he wants! It means more scenes—more explanations—more arguments! All right, you silly beast—You belong to Elaine and with Elaine you shall remain. Tod Benton can rot before he'll hear from me ever again!"



Elaine brought her toy out from beneath the smothering paper. Yes—she'd keep it. God knows what she'd ever do with it. The toy dog would be the only souvenir of Tod's that she'd keep, but it would always be a symbol of his childishness. She put it on her bed and stood back looking at its melancholy countenance.

"I wonder if Jim would like to have it in our bedroom after we're married?" she mused.

Tod Benton ground his foot down on the accelerator. He had to be home for supper or else Anne would begin

to worry—and he still had thirty miles to swallow! It was late autumn and a quiet dusk was beginning to drop gently over the noisy reds and green along the roadside.

He was a happy man, Tod Benton. Five years had passed since college and in that time he had secured a good job, a beautiful wife, and that rare "all's right with the world" state of mind. As he sped along through a lazy little residential section, he thought of Anne—of his job—of his life. He remembered college again. Autumn always brought back college days; and Elaine. "She was a funny kid," he thought. He was so sure that he had loved her—But it all passed after she had ignored the dog episode. She was pretty smart, he guessed—keeping the mutt and letting him stew in his own juice. After all, it was a childish sort of thing—he never should have sent it in the first place.

But then, he had planned to give it to her anyway—Before that character Jim came into the picture. Oh, the hours he had spent engraving the tag. Well, it all turned out for the better—there could never be anyone like Anne. Elaine, now that he thought of it, was a trifle too—

The car quivered under a nauseous impact. Tod leaned on the brakes and lunged out into the street. It was almost dark, but still he saw the small heap lying beneath his rear wheels. "Must have hit a dog," he muttered nervously as he strode toward it. The crimson parking lights cast an eerie glow and—

"Oh, God! She's dead—Must have been about three—" He carried her to the car. Something fell at his feet. It was her toy. He picked it up. The lights of stopping cars played on him. He stared at the toy and read, "I BELONG TO ELAINE."

What Does Integrated

by DR. KURT F. LEIDECKER

Department of Philosophy, Mary Washington College

(Reprinted from the October Social Science)

The First National Workshop on Integration in Education was held August 16 to 21, 1948, at the University of New Hampshire, Durham, New Hampshire. It was sponsored by the Foundation for Integrated Education, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City. It operated in an atmosphere of almost unprecedented fellowship and devotion to a high aim. No matter from what angle the speakers attacked their problems, none lost sight of the fundamental need of education today: Integration. Stated in another way, the whole man was the object of their discussion.

Interpreting the underlying philosophy of the Workshop we might say the following. If we understand man, not only physically, but also ideally, socially and historically, we also understand much more than him, we understand the world as well. For, man made the world as it is. He has made discoveries. It is he who is the scientist, the engineer, the business man, the home maker. Whether we consider the near or the far, and no matter how objective the findings, the universe is still man's universe. The factor "man" is the quantity that is obvious in religion and the social sciences. However, even in the mathematical formula it is hidden like a logical essence.

Recognition of this fact leads to great consequences in man's outlook on life and his behavior. It leads first of all to a revaluation of what man has accomplished and what he may hope for. To the educator it means the recognition of at least one factor in all the various subjects that crave recognition in the ever widening curriculum: Man. Thus, all fields are recognized as not only related, but interrelated by virtue of being the fields of man's endeavor. The type of

interrelation is, however, best described by integration. This term has both mathematical and biological implications, thus expressing well the multifaceted world of man.

Some thing of this deep, comprehensive and almost metaphysical view was discernible in the group which included a number of college Presidents, Deans, administrative and teaching personnel. As it became progressively clear that a large task was before them, they felt that they were the heralds of a new approach to education, with due regard to all those who had worked toward similar objectives. Perhaps what they were envisaging was but a restatement of what all educators with a vision (not mere teachers) had felt to be the real and ultimate justification of their labors. At any rate, it should be said that many had written about integration, but the Workshop attacked the problems with a breadth of vision unsurpassed. Administration, grading and even costs were not left unconsidered despite the general idealistic tenor.

What is the basic justification for this tendency toward integration and where does the source of enthusiasm lie?

Reflective persons with a more than superficial sense of social responsibility have called attention, for some time past, to a certain degeneracy of values and ideals in our age. It is not, to be sure, as if science, economics, politics, or religion were responsible individually or collectively. Rather, these agencies have allowed themselves to be manoeuvred into a position wherein they have become incapable of coping with the higher moral values upon which society, after all, must be based. The history of mankind shows a consensus of opinion, from Buddha and Plato

down to the best among us, that certain values have to be upheld and that without them man is simply not man. We do pay lip service to these ideals, yet we excuse our failings by pointing to hard realities and facts.

Many have analyzed the situation, and though they find different causes for the vanishing of ideals, there is, basically, only one. Man has created infinite complexities, and he is in a maze. He has lost his grip, he is drifting and no longer feels at home in the world. He has somehow overreached himself and his capacities to keep step morally, intellectually and spiritually.

Man's happiness and contentment which are the source of his creative abilities and his goodness, are in direct proportion to his feeling at home. It does not matter whether we take this statement to mean his physical home, his country, or his world. The worthwhile citizen, the one who takes pride in his community, is the one who identifies himself with his community. If he should drift away he should be watched, for then he is as like as not to give his allegiance to strange gods. Just as in the political and social spheres a man who has no home becomes uncertain of his rights and duties, so a man who looks upon the universe as ruthless and foreign to all of man's aspirations is perplexed and will become unpredictable in his behavior. In brief, man is happiest and at his best when he can rest assured that nature and mankind are not beyond his ken nor outside his kith.

When these conditions for happiness are not fulfilled, man cannot function in any way consistent with the ideals which civilization has evolved. To be sure, man goes on living and working as best he can, thinking, adapting himself, creating and

Education Mean?

dreaming, rising and falling. Society and nations likewise go on seeking adjustments within and without. But such adjustments fall short of the possibilities which man has within himself. His attitudes do not reflect the best that is in man.

But what creates attitudes? Environment, heredity, aptitudes, structures, yes, but first and foremost education, be that education in the school of life or in the classroom. Here must be sought those primary causes which prevent man from fullest development within the ideal of man. Yet we know that compared with bygone centuries we are at the very apex of human achievement in material civilization and educational opportunities. Therefore, the only direction to which we can look for deficiencies is that of the quality and quantity of the values which enter the educative process. There, indeed, it is easily discovered in the incoherence of the knowledge that is presented for learning.

The task thus becomes clear. In order to regain the feeling of "at-homeness" as a condition for human happiness, we must educate with a view to greater coherence of knowledge. This may, indeed, be taken in two senses, either of which is correct. The facts of knowledge should cohere, and knowledge itself should cohere, as it were, with man's abilities and possibilities. To cover both phases of the educative process, the term Integration is particularly well chosen.

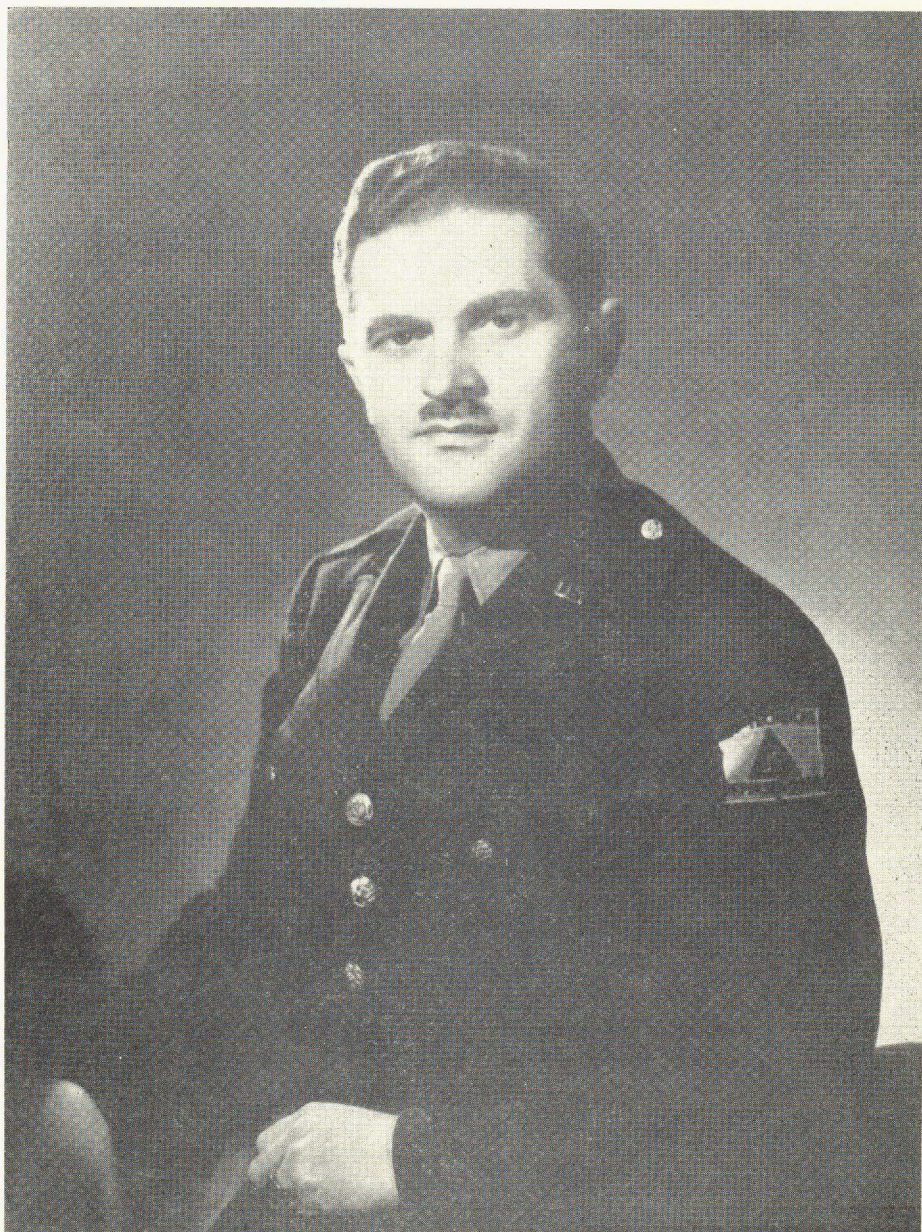
For the moment we can leave out of our consideration the fact that this human knowledge, dispersed widely over many fields, ill-related, badly or not at all synthesized, yet clamoring for admission into every curriculum, does not present so true a picture as a body of knowledge well integrated.

For, man can and does live by half and quarter truths or less. He also manages to live by falsehoods. The important thing is that knowledge which is not unified and coherent offers less opportunities for that feeling of at-homeness which is the condition of happiness and a good life. Man

may and does go on living and thinking a lie, but it is doubtful whether he achieves happiness and satisfaction in doing so.

From a psychological angle, lack of satisfaction also is equivalent to loss in efficiency. Thus, those departments

(Continued on Page 20)



Dr. Leidecker

Four Flowers

by SUE ROSEN, '54

It is very hard for me to fall asleep tonight. Everything about me has a strange newness that I never noticed before. The sweet, sticky smell of the flowers is making me dizzy with its intoxicating fragrance. I wonder how just those four flowers could render such heavy perfume, so mysterious and so nostalgic. I find myself picturing the flowers as four years, the four years of my college life. These flowers cannot live, nor could I have been a college student forever. Those days, however, will always live in my mind as a wonderful memory . . . the flowers' beauty will also remain, a lovely and vivid picture . . . the bud so fresh and wholesome . . . the green slowly fading from the baby flower leaving in its place a marble-like whiteness tinged only slightly with a thought of pink . . . the next stage of the bud partially opened . . . the green left only in the stem . . . a white beauty flushed to its rosy center . . . then the blossom in the height of glory . . . full blown . . . and in the final stage, the white petals are slightly yellowed with maturity . . . and curled edges appear which once had the fragile, unreal beauty of a china doll. The four flowers swim 'round and 'round before me. I close my eyes to stop their motion, but I cannot. Faster and faster they go, and I cannot catch them. Faster, faster . . .

It was my first day of classes at Jefferson College, and I was as excited, as happy, as homesick as all the other freshmen. Every one of the two thousand girls had heard about the new professor . . . you . . . Dr. Wright, and everyone was clamoring to get in one of your classes. You were young, you were handsome, and you were the most eligible bachelor on the whole campus. Dr. Louis Benton had retired, and you, John Alan Wright, were the new appointment to the English department. I had you for freshman English . . .

and I was thrilled. And all the unfortunate girls who did not have you were so envious. You were so informal with us that first day, asking each girl her name and what career she was interested in. You examined each of us with individual interest . . . and all hearts fluttered.

How well I remember the day we collided at the library. It was during the spring of my freshman year and the whole campus was under the spell of the magnificent beauty that spring brings after the depression of winter. I, too restless to study, had decided to find a good book. The one I chose intrigued me so that I was oblivious of the people and bookshelves I bumped into. But my collision with you brought me out of my trance. You politely picked up my books and asked me what I was reading so intensely. I replied, "Virgin Soil" by Turgenev . . . there was a spark of interest in your eyes . . . and then it was gone, and you were gone . . . and I was alone with Nejdano's trials and tribulations.

I learned how to swim before I could walk and became rather adept at the sport as I grew older. At college I became one of The Mermaids, and the big production was held shortly before the close of school in the outdoor pool I'll never forget my humiliation in splashing water on your suit when you came over to congratulate me. You told me I would have made any mermaid look ungraceful . . . and in spite of my crimson face, all was again right with the world.

How surprised I was to find you at the pool several days later. Everyone was standing around marvelling at your easy strokes. When you came out of the water and the girls began uttering silly little phrases of flattery, you thanked them, then winked over at me and left the crowd.

And then we discovered we had a mutual interest in chess and began

playing on rainy Sundays. Then there was the informal that I had finally found enough courage to attend . . . even though dateless. I played my usual beaming wallflower part, trying to hide the insecurity and misery I felt. There I sat watching the dancers. You were a chaperone, and you stood out so handsomely among the crowd of elderly faculty members. Once our eyes met and I returned your friendly glance with a weak smile. And then you were coming towards me and saying, "Will you have the next dance with an old man?" We danced the rest of the evening, and my false smile and uneasiness took flight in your arms.

It was that summer after my sophomore year that we started to correspond . . . intellectually stimulating letters. And oh, how much they meant to me. How I tried to read between the lines . . . and found everything that wasn't actually there.

I was never very attractive . . . never able to talk about the weekends I had spent at other colleges, like the other girls did. Mine were the same as the weekdays . . . there was never very much excitement in my life. The nicest things I had ever experienced were a chess game or a walk with you. My roommate and her friends were the social butterflies, and I was the one who would make a good wife and mother . . . so they said.

The faculty occasionally joined us for meals, and I'll never forget that gloomy Friday afternoon when you had dinner at our table. Everyone was trying to impress you with their weekend flings . . . and then you turned to me and asked me where I was going. When I said I was staying at Jefferson for the weekend, you asked me . . . me to go to the movies with you the following evening! I gasped out a thrilled "yes" and spent the next day in a complete

(Continued on Page 22)

"Speaking of The Devil . . ."

by PEGGY HALL, '54



Edna settled herself in a more comfortable position. "Hurry up and get into bed," she urged her husband. "I'm worn out after taking care of Johnny and Susan all day. They were even worse than usual."

"Well, I didn't have an easy day, either," he reminded her, "and to top things off, you forgot to call ROGERS and order more coal. You knew we were down to the last shovelful this morning. It's just a lucky thing we have these big fireplaces all over the house."

"Lucky! I think they're awful. If we only had a decent house instead of this old-fashioned place, I'd be satisfied."

"Yes, and if we only had a new car, and television, and servants . . ."

"Oh, that would be wonderful—someone to take care of the children, and a new fur coat, lots and lots of money . . ." They both began to laugh.

"Heavens, Robert, to hear us, you'd think we really were going to get all those things. Now, will you, please, come to bed. That fire's good enough."

He turned out the light and slid into bed. "Of course," he said half-laughing, "we could always sell our souls to the Devil. People used to, you know, when they wanted things badly enough."

"Be careful, Robert," she teased. "You know what they say, 'Speak of the Devil and he appears.' Anyway, that was only in stories. Now go to sleep." She pulled the covers closer around her and had soon taken her own advice.

After a short time, Robert turned over and looked at the fire. Already it was so low that he could see only a few small flames stuck in between piles of black ash. He got out of bed and went over to it. He carefully put on a large log and gently tried to encourage the weakening flames. They began to brighten slowly—a small spark of yellow, then orange, and finally a high roaring spike of burning red. He stood for awhile dreaming into it, remembering how he had shown little Johnny and Susan how to form pictures in the flames. He pulled up a chair and started intently. Certainly that big red flame should turn into something. Yes, it was slowly beginning to take form. Maybe it was going to be one of the goblins that he loved to scare the children with. He saw the body taking shape; then the hooped feet on hairy legs; the face was hideous. He was glad that little Susan couldn't see it. Just as he was about to blink and erase the image, the eyes appeared and looked directly at him. The leering mouth opened. "Here I am,"

it said.

Robert blinked quickly, but the fire-vision was still there.

"The boss sends his regrets," the red figure said apologetically, "but he wasn't able to come in person as someone else had spoken of him before you did. Perhaps, I can help you."

"No! That is, no thank you!"

"Oh, come now, don't be afraid. Or maybe you think I'm not powerful enough to grant you your wishes."

"It's not that; it's just . . ."

"Well, strictly speaking, I'm not," the other continued. "However, I do take orders as I'm an assistant clerk." He became suddenly very businesslike. "Now here is the order blank. All you have to do is check the items you want, and then sign your name at the bottom—that's to certify that we get your soul in exchange for the checked items. We deliver promptly and at no extra charge."

Robert hesitated. "I don't know. It's all so sudden."

"We never like to hurry our customers. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm very busy tonight—it's surprising the number of people who are speaking of the boss lately. We're quite rushed these nights trying to keep

(Continued on Page 22)

515 WEST

by PAT LANCASTER, '51

I shall never forget that bright Sunday afternoon. Outside the birds were singing merrily and the sun was shining so brightly that it was impossible to believe that it was the middle of January. Inside there was a group of various and assorted people. There were eight of us together then, and now we are all parted, each gone our separate ways.

We were having a marvelous time, all of us with maybe the exception of Millie. Cris and I were trying madly to dance in time to the new song, *Rag Mop*, while Vic, the clown, and his girl, Pinkie, were entertaining the rest. Rudy was telling Ginger of his many experiences with small bands throughout the country, and Frank was trying his best to keep Millie from being too bored.

We were in one of the front rooms of an extremely antiquated, pre-civil war house. In the past it had been one of the most stylish and best homes, but now it had become quite rundown. It was in a dilapidated neighborhood with cheap boarding houses and well-to-do taverns. It had been a fraternity house for the medical students, but now it was a rooming house. The address was 515 West . . . , the name of the street makes no difference. I will always remember it as 515 West.

When I first entered the house I was immediately struck by the atmosphere of the place. Plaster was falling off the wall in chunks and the wall paper was streaked and tattered. Right from the front door the rickety old steps went on straight up to the second and third floors. The three rooms on the first floor were empty then, but the second and third floors were completely occupied.

We were in Frank's room. It was permanently classified as the party room. It was one of the largest rooms in the house and accepted as the

most atmospheric. There was a large fire place over which were rows and rows of books. The deep wine bedspreads and curtains were most effective, and in the corner was a converted bar.

The most interesting part of the house was the people that lived there. The way to explain the different air that the house had is to describe it's inhabitants.

Mike was an aspiring young artist, who was a confirmed woman hater. He seemed to live in a world all his own. He seldom smiled and didn't say much. When he did speak he would use his own inimitable jargon. When I first saw him he said to me, "Thing is in the willie." Amazed, I looked questioningly at Cris, "His date is in his room," was the translation. Mike would sit for hours in his room, in front of the fire, reading Homer. The day I met him he looked up from his book, "Say, this guy's a genius!" Mike's other love, besides his art, and books, was his motorcycle. He would look out on the busy street that ran in front of 515 West and watch the cars that surged by, contemplating places he could go on his motorcycle with all the gas that the cars were using.

Al had been in the Navy for several years, married, divorced, with one child. He had pictures of his many women covering the walls of his room. The highest compliment he paid me was right after we met. He couldn't decide which one of the many to date that night. He looked at me and said, "Now which one of my women would you like the best?" Al was a goodlooking boy, with a silent streak of sadness in his eyes. He and his roommate Cris lived on the third floor in a dim, art infested room. Outside of their front casement window, Al was able to store

beer on the roof. I'll not easily forget when once, during the afternoon, the three of us were in the room, discussing life, love and literature, Al opened the window, reached out, into what seemed like only space, and obtained a frosty bottle of beer. He popped the top, lit a cigarette, settled back in his chair, winked at me and sighed saying, "Oh Cris, if only you weren't here!"

Guy, in my opinion was the most undesirable member of 515 West. He was a tall, extremely pale blond, rather sickly looking boy. He may have had a few good qualities, but I never found them. He had been a great commercial artist in his youth. Youth may seem an odd word to use, for Guy was only a little over twenty, but he looked as if he had been on this earth for many years. When he found out that I was interested in commercial art, he eagerly showed me his book, in which he had made examples of all types of printing. He said that he would never, never part with it, for he knew he would be unable to ever do that again. I guess the best description for Guy is disappearance. Later that night Cris and I were sitting in front of the fire when Guy came in from taking his date home. He flopped on the bed, "Wake me at two, I have another date." At two we woke him and off he went. Nonchalantly Cris said that was one of Guy's usual habits.

George, Shep, Walt, Ty, Cris, Rudy and Vic made up the rest of the boys at 515 West. Shep, a tall, goodlooking, blond boy, was extremely nice, except for the fact that he was wrapped right around the little finger of his girl. She phoned him almost every fifteen minutes that night, he didn't have one minute to himself.

When I met Walt he was absorbed in writing his term paper on Pepys.

We talked on and on about English Lit. and he said that I had firmly convinced him to be an English Major.

Ty's only claim to fame was his beautiful, deep green, bedroom eyes. He would get violently drunk and wrestle with everyone in sight. That night he had consumed his usual amount of whiskey, wrestled with the door of his room and completely demolished it.

George was the oldest and the most settled. I can't understand why he picked 515 West as a place to live. When he wasn't working he was waiting for one of his many women to drive by for him. That night, the choice of the evening was a bit late. Did it worry George? He waited for her for twenty minutes, then left for parts unknown.

Nothing written about 515 West would be complete without mention of the O'Malleys. Mrs. O'Malley was the landlady who had her hands full with her troubles of her various tenants, her husband and her son, Pete. I only saw Mr. O'Malley for a brief time. It was just after he had finished the last bottle of a case of imported Scotch which he had opened only a few hours before. Pete was a big, blustery boy, liked by very few. His only asset was his car. Pete had an unusual life, unusual because of the women it it. I heard of Jackie, who had his son; Helen, who worked in a cigar factory; and Lorraine. I didn't learn what Lorraine did for a living, but it wasn't hard to guess.

Josie, the housekeeper, was a vital part of 515 West, even though she threatened to leave every day. Not only did she cook all the meals and clean the rooms, she was an endless source of humor for the boys. She was forever getting drunk, and then visiting the boys and their dates and entertaining them all for hours. She lived a very lonely life, had been married several times, but she still looked for happiness.

Pinkie, Ginger and I were spending the weekend at Millie's house. It had begun as a typical away-from-college weekend. We dated boys from

the city college the night before. It had been nothing special, beer, dancing, but it was wonderful being away from school. Sunday afternoon, just before we left to catch our bus back to school, Frank stopped by the house. Frank and Millie had grown up together in the same small North Carolina town, and when Millie's family moved to the city, Frank decided soon after to go to school there. Frank idolized Millie, he had placed her on a pedestal. It was all wrong, right from the start. She was the type that had to be told, not worshiped. Millie had always said that she would never marry him, but Frank had always said, "She'll come back." Only after that time she never did. When she walked out of 515 West that night, she never went back.

I heard all about Frank and 515 West, long before that day. The day it all began was the day his picture was put on the table in our small, two girl room at college. It was a picture of an extremely nice looking young man, brown hair, deep brown eyes and a personality smile. I couldn't understand why Millie wasn't in love with such a good-looking boy, who was so in love with her, but I didn't know him at all. He may have been different, but by the time I met him, Millie said he had changed. His weak character had fallen into the degenerating influence of 515 West.

Frank stopped by that afternoon, he knew Millie was in town, and he wanted to make one last stab, one final attempt. He phoned the boys at 515 West and said we were coming over. That was fine. Ginger had been there before with Rudy, Pinkie too, had dated Vic there, but until that day, I had never entered 515 West, nor known any of it's strange occupants.

It took only a few minutes to walk over from Millie's house. We turned to go into the house. It was my first sight of 515 West. I looked at the red brick building. I didn't realize it was famed as the Greenwich village of the South. Never in all my

life would I see such a Bohemian atmosphere.

We walked in the door. From somewhere, overhead, a blues record was playing, *I can't get started with you*, there was a slight shuffle of dancing feet and the tinkle of ice in glasses. I began to have a feeling of expectancy as we climbed up the rickety old steps. I wondered who my date would be. Ginger, of course, would be with Rudy, and Pinkie would be with Vic. Who would be the other boy? When we reached Frank's room, Vic and Rudy were just finishing up a little straightening, and there was no one else.

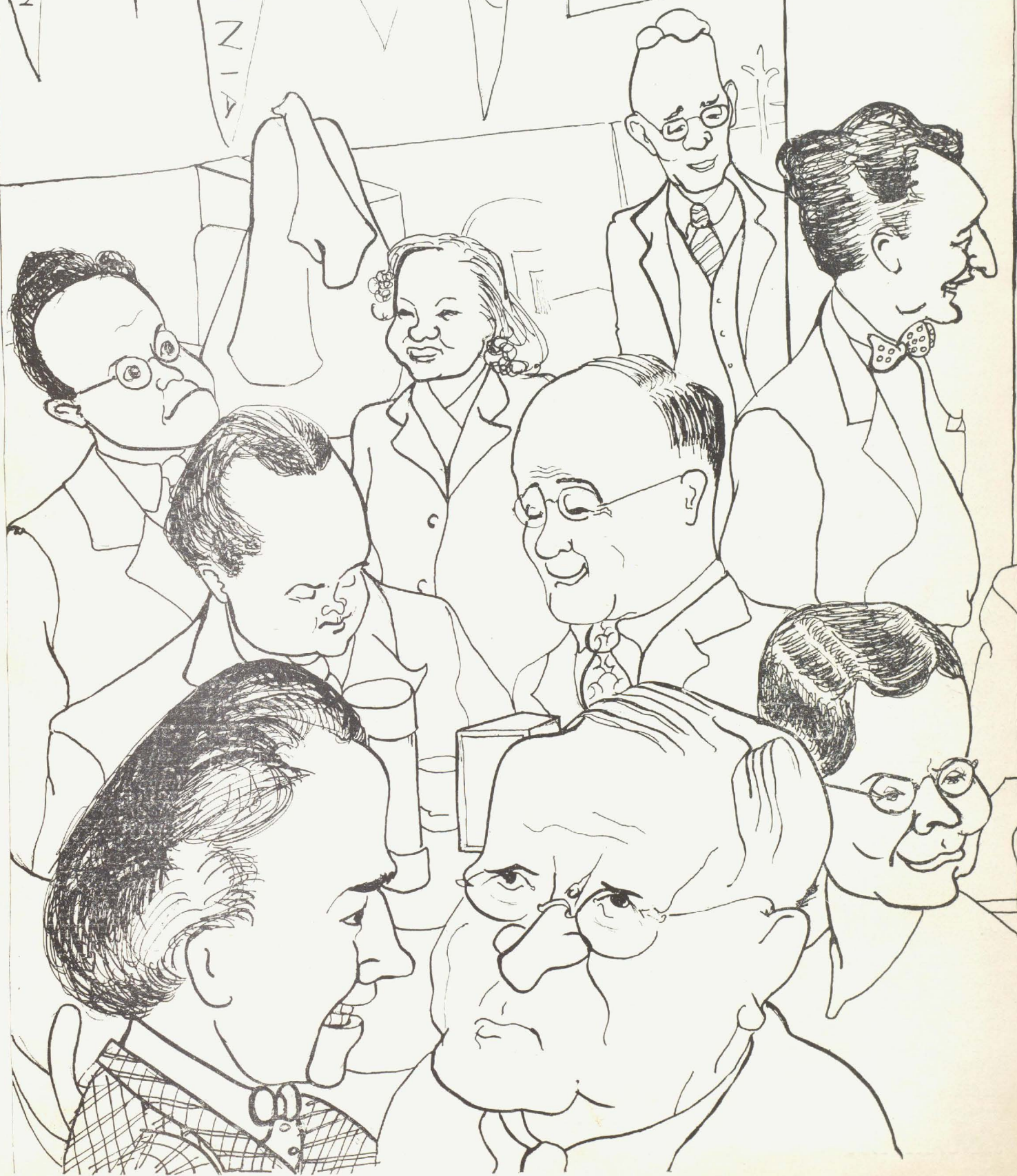
"We're here!" yelled Frank, and the next instant, there was the sound of tumbling feet, almost falling down the steps, and in the room bounced an attractive, exuberant boy, with flashing blue eyes. My date had arrived. Someone put a record on the vic, and we began to dance. It was more like floating, for I had never danced with such a smooth dancer. Another record, another dance.

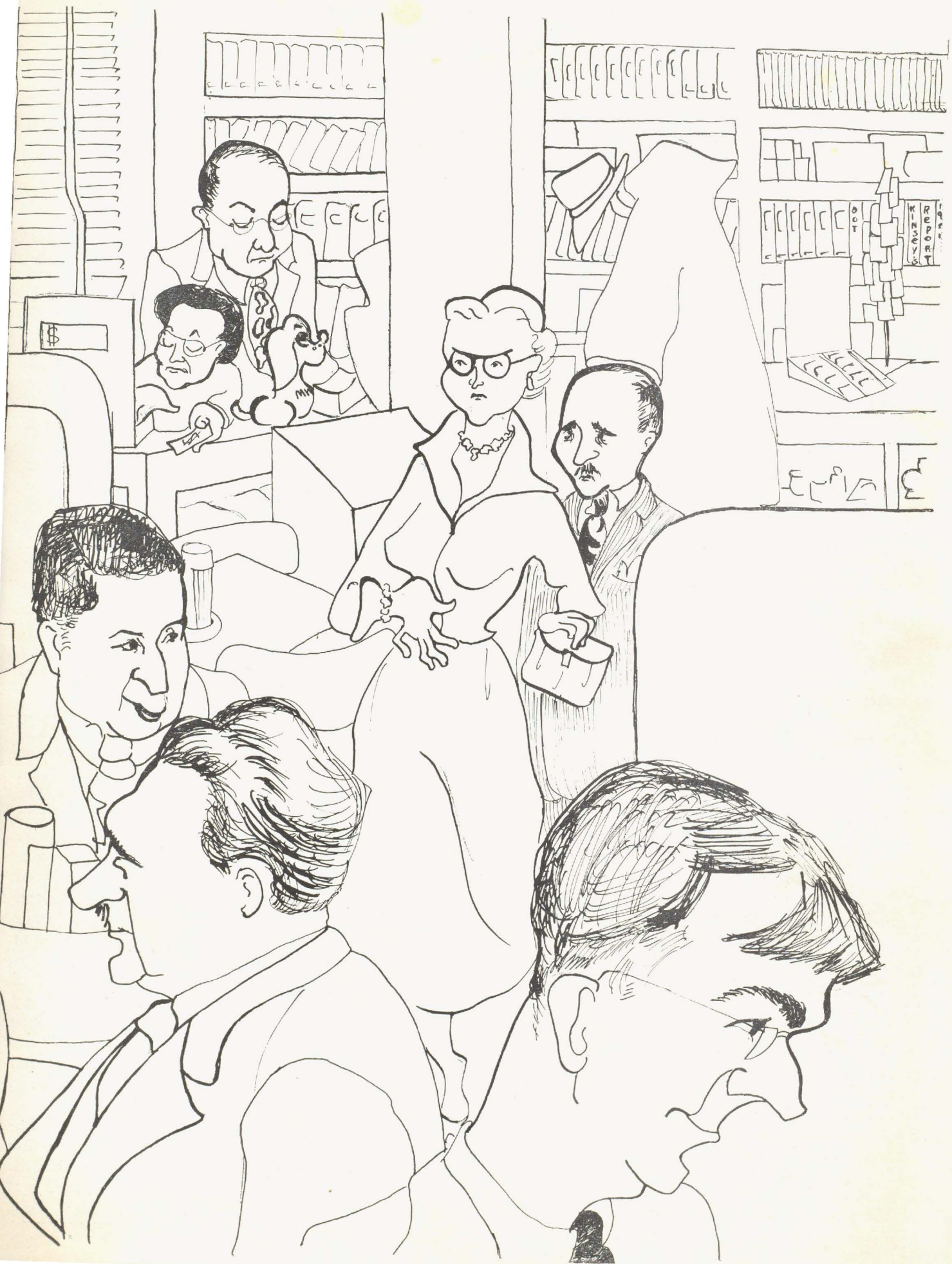
That night I learned more about one person than I probably ever will again on the first date. But thirteen hours is a long time, we didn't leave until the four o'clock bus. Cris was a dreamer, a romanticist. He had big plans of becoming a commercial artist. And he worried, about everything and anything. I think he would have been much happier if he had worried less about things that never did come true anyway. He was unusual, but they were unusual at 515 West. He was the type that absorbed himself. He lived for his commercial art and his dancing. The time I spent with his was absolutely wonderful. I thought he was the only one in this wide world for me.

I remember looking over at Rudy and Ginger. I didn't know what to make of those two. Rudy seemed to like her very much, and I know that she liked him. I think they talked themselves into love. Ginger had just broken up with a boy she had gone with for several years, and she needed someone to love. She was a

(Continued on Page 24)

MACON
RMS
VIRGINIA
DAME
NAVY
MARY W
UNIVERS





Muscle Mania

by SUE SWYERS, '51

I am not an athlete; it is as simple as that. For years I have been the victim of the Physical Education Movement in the United States, and as a result have gotten the various phobias, complexes, and mental blocks that non-athletes get in this modern age. I have also suffered twisted ankles, cramped muscles and other physical ills too numerous to mention. I blame my intense dislike of games and sports on my father.

Daddy is the type of man who was glad to reach forty because then he no longer felt that he had to go through the motions of finding athletics lots of fun. Gone are the days when he felt obliged to plunge into the icy water and act as if he found it brisk and invigorating; now he only has to daintily stick his toe in and shudder and bask in the sun. Daddy no longer has to prove his prowess; he's forty plus and glad of it.

Mother, on the other hand, is a girl athlete from way back, and I do mean way back. She still recalls the days when she was a hockey star, and she likes to prove that she has what it takes every once in a while. Mother also took part in a swimming contest when she was in college. It was a very exciting race from beginning to end. For four people entered; one dropped out; and Mother, thrashing the water wildly, came in third. She got her name in the *N. Y. Times*, and people, who were not at the race, sent her telegrams, congratulating her on her success. As a result of Mother's past glory in the world of sports, I get no sympathy from her, and the only consolation I get from Daddy is the rather dubious comfort that some day I too will be in the forty plus bracket.

I often look back rather wistfully to the days when ladies swooned,

and croquet was the most active game a lady ever indulged in. Those women did not know how lucky they were before they were emancipated. In my moments of intense bitterness I think that I would gladly give up the right to vote so I won't have to swim my thirty lengths of the swimming pool. Sports have soured me on progress.

My training to be a girl athlete began in kindergarten. Up to this time I was a well adjusted child. I played with my dolls, coloring books, blocks, and water pistols and enjoyed life. Then I received my first exposure to those odious games that all children in grammar school and kindergarten must play. I was always the first one out in Musical Chairs, and I always got a few bruises from some of the nastier little first grade boys for my trouble. I invariably was the first one hit in Dodge Ball, and I never could do "red hot pepper" more than three times when I was jumping rope. Life was just one series of frustrations for me at that age.

At last, however, my grammar school days passed and I went on to high school. The first day of school a rather beefy looking physical education teacher, who had once been a lady wrestler, announced that we were to buy "uniforms." These gym suits were on sale at the local emporium, and I, determined to get off on the right foot, went to buy mine. It was a creation that only a gym teacher or girl athlete could pick out and endure. It was light blue, made out of some sort of light weight canvas, and was utterly shapeless. It had no waistline, no sleeves, it buttoned at the shoulder, and to top it off the legs of this monstrosity were bloomers. To go with this ensemble the girl athlete was supposed to wear

a baggy and equally shapeless sweat-shirt.

I always felt like the high school's idiot child when I wore this rig. As I ran out on the hockey field, I tried to look as inconspicuous as possible so that none of my young and rather out-spoken boy friends would see me, but my precautions were in vain for they always did.

The athletic curriculum in high school was even worse than it was in grammar school. My gym teacher, Miss Florence Appleby, (better known to her fans in the ring as "Fearless Flo") was very definitely an emancipated woman. She believed that girls could and should do anything and everything that boys did in the field of sports. As this was during the war commando courses were all the rage, and, consequently, I found myself crawling under things, jumping over obstacles and leaping over pits. "Fearless Flo" did not stop there either. We played modified basketball, modified baseball, and "Flo" once even got the boys on the Varsity Football Team to join us in a game of hockey. She had one pet project and that was to have touch football put into the curriculum. However, a terribly conservative and outmoded Board of Education outlawed that scheme, and I have felt indebted to them forever that I was spared that outrage at least.

My gym classes were a source of irritation to me the whole of my high school training. I played goalie in hockey, outfielder in softball; my path was the path of least resistance, and even that was not as effective as I wished.

After four year of struggle, I finally came to college. I thought that at least here I could escape from the physical education cult, but I was

soon to be disillusioned. I discovered that I would have to take four semesters of physical education in order to graduate. I was utterly crushed. Feeling that I needed a long rest before I resumed my labors, and hoping that Providence would give me a broken leg or something, I put off my Physical Education until my last two years of school.

Providence did not intervene, however, and at the beginning of my junior year I registered for swimming. When I went to sign up, the instructor asked me if I knew how to keep myself up in water. I unfortunately admitted that I could do a free style dogpaddle. "Intermediate," said the instructor briskly, and in spite of all my pleading, my fate was sealed.

My college athletic career began badly. I reported for my first class in swimming. I picked up a moth eaten blue bathing suit that was exactly alike in the back and in the front, the only difference being that the back had a label. I put on my bathing suit which like all physical education uniforms was shapeless. I

took a shower that scalded me, and then spent the next five minutes struggling to turn off the faucet. Then I prepared to go out and spend an hour of merriment in the swimming pool with my companions. But Horrors! That bathing suit which had been so shapeless a minute ago now clung to me like my own skin. It took all my courage to go out and face the class. Even then I ran out and cannonballed into the water. The class was just as bad. Proficiency in the dogpaddle did not help me a bit. The whole semester was a series of gurglings, stinging eyes, head colds, wet hair, and no results. The instructor, (she was the type whose bathing suit never got wet) finally passed me because she thought further practices was useless.

Tennis was the same, only worse. Every spare hour I had I was down at the court heaving the balls not only over the net, but over the fences as well. I received many an infection of poison ivy looking for balls in the swamps of Sunken Road and even then did not always succeed in finding them.

During the summer between my junior and senior year, I found my game — miniature golf. At last, I thought, I can win back my self-respect; I can face my friends next year. However, I was doomed to disappointment again. The school, which offered such useless things as fencing (which had lost its appeal decades ago when duels were outlawed) did not offer a course in the popular and socially acceptable game of miniature golf.

I have become a martyr as a result; I am apparently never destined to succeed. I have lost all ambition and desire to be a girl athlete. My heart is no longer in it. The straw that broke the camel's back had just been put on it. I hope to pass my Phys. Ed. courses through the intervention of some higher power. Then when I graduate I am going out and join the DAR and all other organizations against progressive education and more specifically education.

The husband who knows where his wife keeps her nickles has nothing on the husband who knows where the maid keeps her quarters.

—Jaywalker

Once upon a time there were two little skunks whose names were "In" and "Out," and they lived with their mama in a big tree in a great big forest. Well, when Out was out, In was in, and when Out was in, In was out. One day mama skunk called Out in and told Out to go out and find In and bring In in. So Out went out, and in no time at all he found In and told In to go in. Mama said, "Oh, Out you are wonderful. How did you find In so soon?" Out said, "Instinct."

"Just because my eyes are red is no sign I'm drunk. For all you know I may be a white rabbit."

—Jack-O-Lantern



Death . . . MAN'S LAST ENEMY

by DR. GEORGE E. SHANKLE

Head of the English Department, Mary Washington College

Death is, by no means a cheerful subject, but sooner or later it is to be a reality to every one who is living today, and also to those who live after them. The peoples of the world today have different viewpoints about this enemy of mankind, its relation to the soul, and they have personified it under various names.

It is interesting to know that death was one of the earliest words to come into use when man began to develop a language and a knowledge of words. It has always meant much the same as it means today, the cessation of the functions of the vital organs of the body—the heart, the lungs, and the brain, thus one can see that it has a physical, and a spiritual meaning from the beginning. Today men think of death as physical, spiritual, and eternal. Strange to say it is physical death that man fears most. It is not the physical suffering that people dread so much about death, although in many instances the physical suffering is very intense—but the strangeness of death causes the greatest dread. Men today believe that the soul goes some place after the body dies, and it is largely due to his unfamiliarity or his lack of definite knowledge of this after-death existence that man is most afraid.

It is interesting to note the meaning of death to the savages, the pagans, and to the Christians. The savages of various parts of the world had and have many strange ideas about death, but they have always believed that man lives after death, that is, his soul or shadow does not cease to exist.

To the savage mind the spirit of man could leave the body thus causing him to become sick or to die. The spirits of evil or wicked men could bring death and destruction to other people; consequently they believe in magic, witchcraft and witch doctors. By means of magic, evil spirits could be made powerless to work their de-

structive activities.

Among the savages the hoo-doo men and the medicine men were believed to have power to keep the spirits of the dead from harming or bringing death to the living. The more hideous looking these hoo-doo men were the more powerful was their influence over evil spirits. They shouted, chanted, beat drums and made hideous noises to frighten the evil spirits hovering over the sick or the dying man. Supposedly if they frighten away these spirits, the sick or dying man would be restored to life or to health.

People of all ages have tried in vain to get information about what happens to the soul or the shade of dead men. Most every tribe of savages or barbarian men have had their oracles, soothsayers, and their would-be prophets whom they consulted about the existence after death, but to no avail. The modern necromancers and spiritualistic mediums have made great pretenses and claim to give information about the land of the dead and many people are greatly influenced by their crystal gazing, table walking, and supposed conferences with the spirits of the dead.

There are instances on record of man or woman who have been reclaimed from death by resuscitation, such as those who were drowned beyond the point of consciousness, but they have given no message of what happened to them while they were in this semi-dead condition, other than to tell of the peacefulness and restfulness of the condition they were in. Neither Jesus Christ or Lazarus gave any information about what happened to them after death. Thus we see that when a soul passes into the Great Beyond, the door is closed and no message is allowed to leak out to mortals. It is God's will that this should be kept from the living.

The Greeks had a milder and more pleasing word for death. They per-

sonified it under the name of the god, Thanatos. The Greeks also personified death under the form of a beautiful youth, and believed that death and sleep were twin sons of night. They carved the twins on cameos and on buildings. The only difference in the carved images of these twins was that Death always carried a wreath and a torch with the top of it pointing downward. The idea of Death and sleep being brothers or associated so closely that one suggested the other has come down to us today, and we often speak of Death as a peaceful sleep, or of Death as only a dream. This conception of death and sleep is given in the writings of two early Greek poets, Homer and Hesiod.

In later times Roman poets represented Death as a horrible monster, gnashing his teeth or mutilating his victims with bloody nail scratches. It was in the fourteenth century that the grim reaper with scythe and hourglass came into general use. It would be difficult to ascertain just where this idea of death originated, but some say that it came from the Mythology of the Scandinavian countries, where death was considered a tyrant seeking vengeance on his victims. As is generally known the early Hebrews had a fearful angel of Death called Samuel which to them was identical with the Devil, but even he would remove those who died young with a kiss—thus we can see how man got the conception of the death kiss.

The Biblical origin of death which Christians accept is that death came to Adam and Eve as a result of disobedience to the Divine Command. This death evidently applied to physical, spiritual, and Eternal death. But what happens after death is still a mystery that can only be satisfied by individual interpretations. Each of us must find our own belief . . . the one that makes still our soul.

Did You Know

by ADA VERGNE, '51

that Dr. Frick devised a simple way of explaining Einstein's theory while a graduate student. He is also interested in high-powered mathematical machines.

that Dr. Hobart C. Carter grows flowers and invents games along with his mathematical skill. He is also a member of the M. W. C. Library Committee.

that Dr. Quenzel just finished writing a history of St. George's church which dates back to 1720. His hobby is colleges, universities and real scholars. He has made an intensive study of American colleges and universities, visits colleges, and has a collection of books about them. He is also interested in the history of printing in Fredericksburg and Virginia, and has edited a Virginia imprints study. (Incidentally, here's a tip . . . Dr. Quenzel plays bridge only with people he likes very, very, very much.)

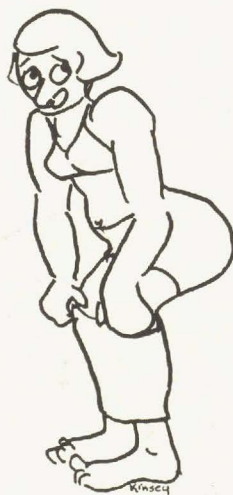
that Mr. Binford is widely known for his murals in the Greenwich Savings bank in New York City.

that Dr. Leidecker was contracted by the U. S. Army Air Force during the war to write a German dictionary to aid in the translation of German scientific documents. He has also written the only authoritative biography of William Torey Harris, the great American educator. He is very much interested in Hindu philosophy, and is going to California in February to teach Oriental philosophy. Dr. Leidecker, whose charm and intelligence have won for him a large circle of friends throughout the world, will be an asset to any college.

that Mr. Don, teacher of piano, is called "the flying Dutchman" around these parts because of his flights between Mary Washington, Washington and New York. In 1940, when the Germans invaded Holland, Mr. Don's native land, he

was in Switzerland and was forced to leave. From here he went to Bordeaux, and while giving a concert on a boat from here to Cassablanca, five other ships around him were torpedoed. From here he went to Haiti, where he was chosen one of those to greet the crown princess of Holland, now Queen Juliana, upon her visit to this country. While in Haiti, he met a Rumanian poetess and married her while on a concert tour in Trinidad. Mr. Don also studied under Jose Iturbi, whom Mr. Don considers one of his best friends and the greatest living pianist. Mr. Don has given concerts all over the world. (why don't we ask him to give one at Mary Washington?)

G-Day - Lyceum 4 Sundays



that Dr. Engleman was president of a junior college in Berlin until she was fired by Hitler in 1933. Then she taught in Istanbul, and from here came to America in 1940 by way of Russia, Siberia and Japan. In Japan she met many famous missionaries while trying to locate lost baggage. Dr. Engleman has written several books on teaching German and education of girls.

that Dr. Stansbury is as interested in music as he is in French. He used to work actively for the Metropolitan Opera Guild in New York under whose auspices he is going to Europe next summer to cover all the music festivals. Dr. Stansbury has been busy recently translating French plays that have been produced in Paris

and that he hopes will soon be presented in New York. He has written a book called French Novelists of Today, which is recognized in this country and abroad. He has also written a French composition book which has been widely used among colleges and universities. Another of Dr. Stansbury's talents is publishing humorous articles on French literature for magazines. Dr. Stansbury is one of our most widely travelled professors, having been abroad fourteen times.

that Mr. Cecere is working on medallions of law givers which are to be placed in the House chamber of the Capitol building in Washington. Mr. Cecere had three fellowships in the American Academy in Rome and collaborated with some of the best French, Italian and Spanish sculptors. Among Mr. Cecere's many outstanding accomplishments are the heroic statue of Lincoln on the Lincoln Memorial Bridge in Milwaukee, the statue of Victory in Clifton, New Jersey, his Boy and Faun and Eros and Stag, the last two having won the Garden Club of America prizes in 1929 and 1930, respectively.

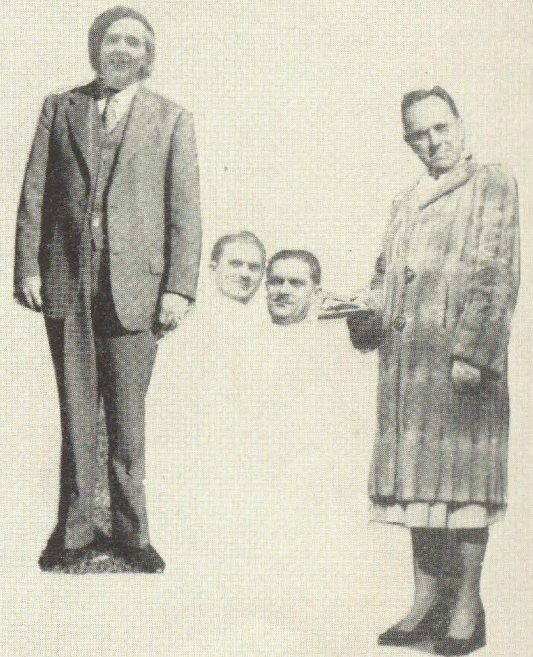
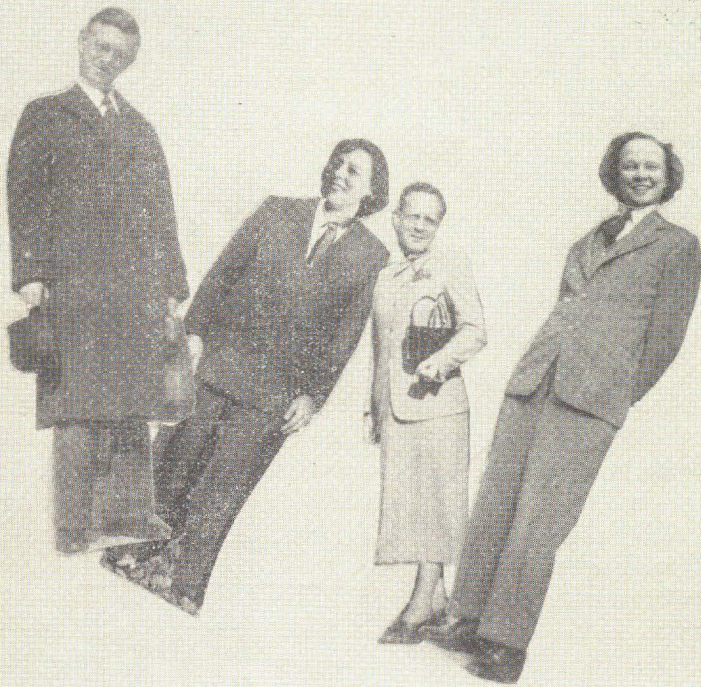
that Dr. Black gave a paper at a meeting December 27 at Cleveland, Ohio for the American Society of Protozoologists. It was on the Evidence of Ionization Currents in the Marine Ameba Flabellula mira Schaeffer as a result of motion within a magnetic field of 2300 Gauss.

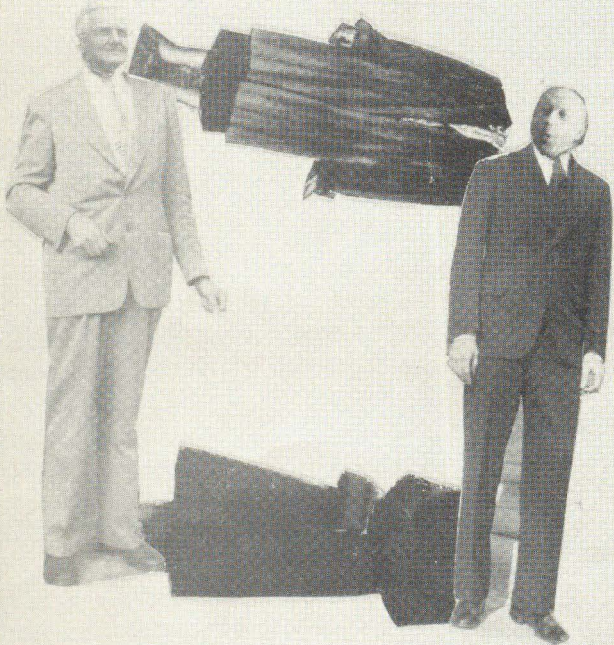
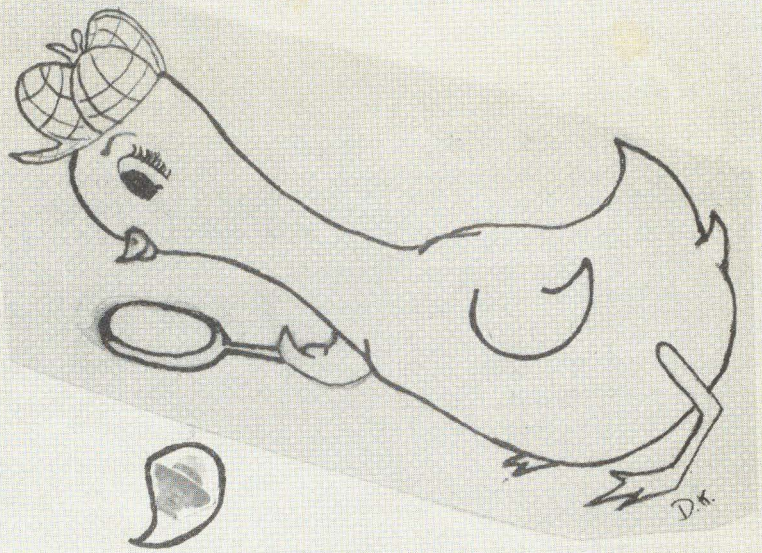
Girl: I'd like to see the captain of this ship.

Sailor: He's forward.

Girl: That's all right, this is a pleasure trip. —Yellow Jacket

The men in college,
The he-men and the wrecks,
They do a lot of talking
About beer and also sex.
Now it's my observation,
In spite of all they boast of,
That between beer and women,
Beer is what they get most of
—Old Line





photography by Seely



(Continued from Page 7)

of life and industry which value efficiency should be deeply concerned with the lack of integration in education. The spell of over-specialization has long since been broken, often by the very scientists who submitted to it.

With increased stress on integration, a new ideology becomes a requisite. Was it not a type of thinking, or a philosophy, which was responsible for overstressing facts, building curricula of the most curious checkered patterns (if patterns there were at all) the leaving individuals without the threads to hold the patches together? Now we need a philosophy which takes into account the process and the matter of integration as well as the will to integrate. Let us see how it might be developed.

Nature is assumed by some to be fully integrated. Laws, processes, elements, even chance, combine somehow to make the cosmos an ordered whole. There are some that disagree, yet they cannot escape the fact that one of the possibilities for science is that the universe is ordered and integrated. The world of man is also integrated, in a sense. Governments, finance, commerce, institutions, language, the products of craftsmanship, the individuals, all represent a mighty integrated whole called civilization, with crime, war and untold maladjustments incorporated.

Cosmos and civilization, of both of which we are a part, we watch with less concern than we do our own individual lives and existences. Maladjustments, malfunctions in this individual orbit of ours, are keenly felt, the more so the farther we are advanced intellectually. Were man less developed he would accept his fate with less grumbling, as do the backward races who form more of an integral part of the cosmic whole. Man fully integrated on the cosmic and the civilization levels is a dream to be realized, if ever, in a distant future. What is possible of achievement, however, is the integration on the level of individuality. Here is

where the challenge and the opportunity of the educator lie.

The educator works upon character and upon mind. Often he neglects character to the detriment of the pupil. For character belongs as much to a man as does his mind, and in the good life it counts for more than knowledge. We want direction as well as the staff of life, and a little besides, to keep us content.

Man is as much the environment of the universe as the universe is his environment. Integration will take this fact into account and hence not stress universe and society as the only factors to which man has to adjust himself, but will seek integration within by calling attention to the creative urges in man. Thus, to speak metaphorically, man will become the home of the universe as fully as the universe is the home of man.

The problem of integration resolves itself into one of familiarization. No islands must be left in knowledge, no incoherence tolerated, no separation be allowed between the moral and spiritual elements of experience. The universe and civilization are as man conceives them, while man stands reflected in his creation. No scientist can teach his field of knowledge successfully without history or knowing how the concepts were evolved, or without calling attention to the limits of human perception and thought. He also cannot treat his field in isolation without exposing himself to the dangers of stagnation and untruths, for he is telling only half the story.

You cannot set limits to integration. You can and must proceed cautiously, however. The whole, or The Absolute is known to no man, and no educator can dogmatically instruct as if he knew the entire pattern. Integration is a process rather than an accomplished fact and in this sense is equivalent to an endless endeavor or search for new meanings through new connections.

Translated, then, into the facts of education, integration simply means this: Never to treat of a subject as if it were self-contained; never to omit

the human equation or history; never to appeal merely to the student's intellect, but also to his understanding and by it to his character; never to set before him a curriculum of patches and leave him without a guide. For, man's experience should not resemble a patchwork, but a carpet of individual design.

As to the end or goal of integration, it should always have only itself in view. By this we mean, that integration as a process should not be carried on for any special purpose beyond stimulating within the individual the conditions for greater happiness if his personality has likewise become integrated with his knowledge. If we would set up goals towards which integration is to move, we would do no better than the many organizations and groups of a denominational or political character who have an axe to grind. Not only would we limit immediately the scope of integration, but we would do no better and possibly worse than we have in the past. The great frustration that sweeps mankind, the unhappiness that is found everywhere, is just the result of those special areas of integration that have been set up by schools of thought, by faiths, by opinions. These areas come in conflict and breed war.

On the other hand, if we were to recognize no limits to the integrating activity, we would have no island knowledges, we would make our search endless. Man and man, and man and world would receive continuous stimulation. The urge to know would supersede the tendency to argue and convince. Man would live in a truly expanding universe in which spiritual and moral values would freely mingle, where limitations would be restricted to those of convenience and time rather than necessity.

The results envisaged by a fully integrated education whose curriculum must, of course, be constructed artfully, would be felt in all departments of life. A new fellowship of man might be the result. The physi-

cist might review his construct of the nature of the universe and temper his ardor toward objectivity by considerations of the human power to know and the history of science. Politics, notorious for the one-sidedness of its issues, might become a better instrument for human welfare. Religion also might regenerate itself.

The nonintegrated personality has held the stage in world affairs till now. Integration was notably absent in the mushroom growth of modern education. The results in human happiness, individually and collectively, have not been spectacular; as a matter of fact they give rise to pessimistic views. Naturally, ever so many factors may have produced the thousand dilemmas of modern civilization. Education is no panacea, but it is a near-panacea . . . if we educate not only the child, but the parent in the child.

Then there was the girl who wore only a cluster of strawberries to a fancy dress ball and got herself into a jam.
—Varieties

Sarcasm is a poisoned arrow in a teacher's quiver.

SILENT SNOW, SECRET SNOW

(apologies to Conrad Aiken)

by JEAN ARMSTRONG, '54

Drifting downward, softly, gently . . . as a baby falling peacefully to sleep,
Snow came, tucking in its shiny white blanket, promising rest . . .

Rest to a world needful of it.

With daylight's first glimpse of snow, children behold their new playmate.
Snowmen are built and fortresses lie in formation.

Small footprints run towards hills and slopes

Where sliding may be done on sleds and skis and pots and pans.

But soon, even children weary and become aware of frost-bitten fingers.

They hurry inside and peer out in joyful glee upon the morning's damage to
their toy.

In scornful disapproval, snow heaps against the silent, numb earth

With its perfectly patterned flakes . . . refusing to be dissolved.

Each winking to one another as if to say,

"We do not fool them . . . they know how and why we come,

But they can do nothing to stop us . . . we are like death."

Winter's intruder is happy with its work, purging life

And covering death with its whiteness.

Snow's majesty is short-lived, for spring rains will wash away its desolation.

But while it lasts, snow remains silent, scintillating in its sublimity.

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(Continued from Page 8)

daze. I remember the girls coming up to me and offering their sly congratulations. Then came THE NIGHT . . . and it was over so quickly. After a coke in the campus corral, we strolled back to the dorm. You seemed so serious in the hall when we said goodnight . . . and you said we'd have to do it again sometime if I'd like to . . . if I'd like to! The evening had been perfect . . . and that was the night when I knew I loved you . . . no childish infatuation any more. I couldn't have known then that you felt the same as I.

You took me out many times after that, and I wondered if there wasn't something more than a student-teacher relationship between us. I still smile when I think of the porter on the train who asked if we were newlyweds. We were on our way to a conference . . . I as senior editor of the yearbook and you as sponsor. I guess my love for you was written all over my face. We went out for hamburgers that night after the meeting . . . and you kissed me . . . our first kiss . . . do you remember?

Before long, graduation day had arrived . . . the climax of those four flowering years . . . the happiest days of my life. I was floating around on a pink sugar candy cloud all day long. How well I remember running around in my long black robe . . . putting on a dab of Faberge at the last moment . . . straightening the tassel on my cap . . . and wishing myself good luck. How well I remember the star-struck eyes of my companions, moistened with emotion . . . the shining faces . . . the stiff postures. And our parents, so tense, proud and excited . . . our kid

brothers dressed in their Sunday bests. Suddenly I was standing in the limelight, grasping my diploma . . . then the applause . . . and it was all over. The goodbyes, the promises to write, the sweaty handshakes, the warm embraces of the girls I had lived with for the past four years. And then you came up and congratulated me, and I suddenly realized that I would be leaving you. We just stood there . . . saying nothing . . . until my parents came up and I introduced you to them. Then you left . . . going out of my life just as smoothly as you had come in. I told Mother I had to pick up something in my room and hurried away. I was crying before I got there and fell on a bench along the way to pour out my heart. It was not only the end of college but the end of my world. And suddenly you were standing there beside me, your tall silhouette etched against the blood-soaked backdrop of the setting sun. You did not need to ask me what was wrong . . . you just grasped my shoulders and the look in your eyes told me what I had wanted to hear for four years. And then you kissed me . . .

Yes, Jack, today is our fourth anniversary, and this letter is the only way I know to tell you what you mean to me. The flowers have become symbolic to me . . . happiness in quartetts. And they will always be a part of me. Thank you, darling, and good-night.

Mac: "Hey Bill! Do you know why radio announcers must have small hands?"

Bill: "No, why?"

Mac: "Wee paws for station identification."
—Polaris

JUST LOOKING?

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QUOTE QUIZ

compiled by
BARBARA RUSH, '51

1. This above all; to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
2. Walk softly and carry a big stick.
3. Earth is a dressing room to prepare for eternity.
4. There are some defeats more triumphant than victories.
5. Can we ever have too much of a good thing?
6. There is another and a better world.
7. Love thy neighbor as thyself.
8. Beware of a man of one book.
9. Nothing succeeds like success.
10. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.
11. This year there's the feeling on campus that God made everyone.
12. Ain't that touchin'!

(Continued from Page 9)

orders filled on time; so I'll just leave this paper here with you, and you can check the things you want. I'll be back in an hour or so."

The image began to fade, but it suddenly reappeared. "I forgot," he said. "Just ignore such items as 'new rickshaw' or 'fashionable pyramid.' We have to make the lists out to satisfy everyone." He smiled pleasantly and was gone.

Robert looked at the list. "Well, just for fun, I'll see how many of the things I want are on here." He picked up a pencil:

New house (indicate style preferred)

1951 Buick
 Complete happiness
 (He didn't bother to check the third item. "If I should get these other things, I'd be completely happy.")
 No more work for life
 Books (state titles)
 Money (fill in amount)
 New straw roof
 Sixteen inch screen television set
 Lawn mower
 Fur coat
 Dog sled
 New Wardrobe (latest Fall Fash-
 ions)

Totem Pole
 Motor Boat
 Chateau
 Ranch
 Five-story Igloo
 "Ah, I see that you've filled in your order," said a cheerful voice.

Robert looked up. "Has an hour gone by already?" he asked.

"Not quite, but people are getting tighter with their souls these nights and, like you, want time to think things over; so I managed to get back early." He frowned. "But you haven't signed yet."

"No, you see I was just . . ."

"Consider well," the clerk cautioned. "We give only one chance to a customer."

"Well, I don't know . . ."

"'Ranch style house.' Everyone wants those today—latest thing in homes. 'No more work for life'—see, you'll be even better off than I am. Here's my pen; it must be signed in ink."

Robert took the pen. "Well . . ."
 "Please, Sir." The clerk was becoming impatient.

Robert unscrewed the cap. The clerk leaned closer. Robert screwed the cap on again.

"Really, Sir. I haven't got all night!"

Robert sat twisting the cap in his fingers.

"Five million dollars is a lot of money," the clerk urged. "Don't be a fool, Robert. Are you going to sit there all night? Robert!"

Robert turned from the fire to see Edna sitting up in bed. She pulled the light on. The fire was dull in comparison. "What are you doing?" she demanded.

"I've just had a chance to give my soul to the Devil for all those things we said we wanted," he said dreamily.

"Oh, really!" she snapped. And then, "Did you?"

"That's the trouble," he replied. "I woke up before I found out. If you had the chance, what would you have done?"

YOU CAN BE AN ARTIST

by CATHERINE JONES, '52

Hope, faith, charity are the three main elements in a life cycle. For, just as a genuinely skilled and inspired artist can take the three dominant colors: red, yellow, and blue, and paint a masterpiece, using his skill in mixing the colors and his inspiration in applying them, so can any man take these three elements: faith, hope, and charity; and if he uses all the sincere skill he has in mixing them and his genuine inspiration in applying them, so can he paint a beautiful masterpiece using life as his canvas. A palate with only three colors can be used to paint a magnificent portrait, but only if used correctly. You are also a painter, with palate and brush in hand. How will you mix and apply your paints?

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(Continued from Page 11)

very emotional girl, who would throw herself into things, anything, music, art, and love. They had a lot in common. Rudy was extremely interested in music, and Ginger had grown up with music in her soul. I don't know how Rudy felt, but I'm sure it was pure fascination on Ginger's part. Rudy had led a very interesting life. All through high school he had been the writer of plays, musical comedies (that were never produced because of the intimations in them), and he was planning on becoming an instructor with the Arthur Murray Dance Studio. He was a fascinating individual, not too tall, with curly blond hair, an eager face, and a bright smile. One day he would be Rudy, the poet. The next day, Rudy the dancer, and Rudy the composer, the pianist, the bandleader. But his bad traits out-weighed his good ones. If any of the boys clothes or money disappeared, Rudy had 'borrowed' them. None of the boys were too close to him, and no one knew what was going on in his mind. He drank too much, smoked too much, and lived too fast.

Vic was the life of the party, and he knew it. He certainly did have an amazing personality. Pinkie, too, was the personality girl. Together they were hysterical. They had a continual battle to see who could be the wittiest. Vic got more laughs for he said everything with a dead pan expression. So dead pan that he looked half drunk all the time. He was tall and ugly in a cute sort of way. He played the piano as if he had invented it himself. At times I think that Vic was the only wholesome boy at 515 West.

Going back on the bus that early morning we were a mighty somber quartette. Absorbed in my own thoughts of 515 West and Cris I didn't notice Ginger's crying until we were almost back. She said that Rudy had planned to leave the next week for New York. He was tired of school and wanted to make a big splash on Broadway. I wonder if

the boys asked him to leave. I thought he was good, but would never be able to become really big. He said he'd write to her, but he must have become engrossed in his work and never did.

A few days after that memorable night Pinkie finally broke down and told us about Vic. There was another girl, Jeannette, and he had asked her to marry him. So that was that. Only he loved Pinkie and could not forget her. I knew that Millie would never see Frank again. That was obvious. And after a long and extremely difficult controversy with myself I decided that 515 West was not the place for me.

The other day I picked up the New York Times. On the front page of the theatre section was the news that Rudy had opened at the Starlight Roof. He must have become a sensation overnight. I'm glad he has at last found himself. Reading about Rudy made me remember all the other inhabitants of 515 West. I heard that Vic and Jeannette did get married, but that it didn't work. I wonder if he ever thinks of Pinkie. Frank, I've been told, is still suffering from the degrading influence of 515 West. He is doing absolutely nothing with his life. It is a shame, for with a little push in the right direction he would have made so much of himself. Where ever Cris is I am sure he is doing well. He'll be the same old Cris years from now, but still carrying the worlds troubles around on his shoulders. As for the rest of the boys of 515 West? God knows where they are!

A bachelor is a man who never Mrs. anything.

She sat on the steps all alone,
Enjoying the evening air.
He came and sat down beside her
And she gave him the vacant stair.
—Widow

You can never tell how a girl's
going to turn out until her folks
turn in.
—Varieties

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Who are unselfish.
Who do not gossip.
Who are uniformly considerate.
Who have a keen sense of humor.
Who are dignified.
Who fulfill their obligations.
Who are self-disciplined.
Who possess common sense.
Who do not dally at the door.

She kicked her Democratic boyfriend out.

Although his wooing was of highest quality;

It seemed the lady entertained some doubt

As to his kisses' constitutionality.
—Polaris

And then there is the guy who joined the Air Force because he was no earthly good.

—Turn-Out

ANSWERS TO QUOTE QUIZ

1. Polonius. "Hamlet." Shakespear.
2. Theodore Roosevelt.
3. Dr. George Shankle.
4. Michael De Montaigne.
5. Cervantes. "Don Quixote."
6. Von Kotzebue. "The Stranger."
7. Old Testament.
8. St. Thomas Aquinas.
9. A French Proverb.
10. Francis Bacon. "Of Studies."
11. President Combs.
12. Miss Chauncey.

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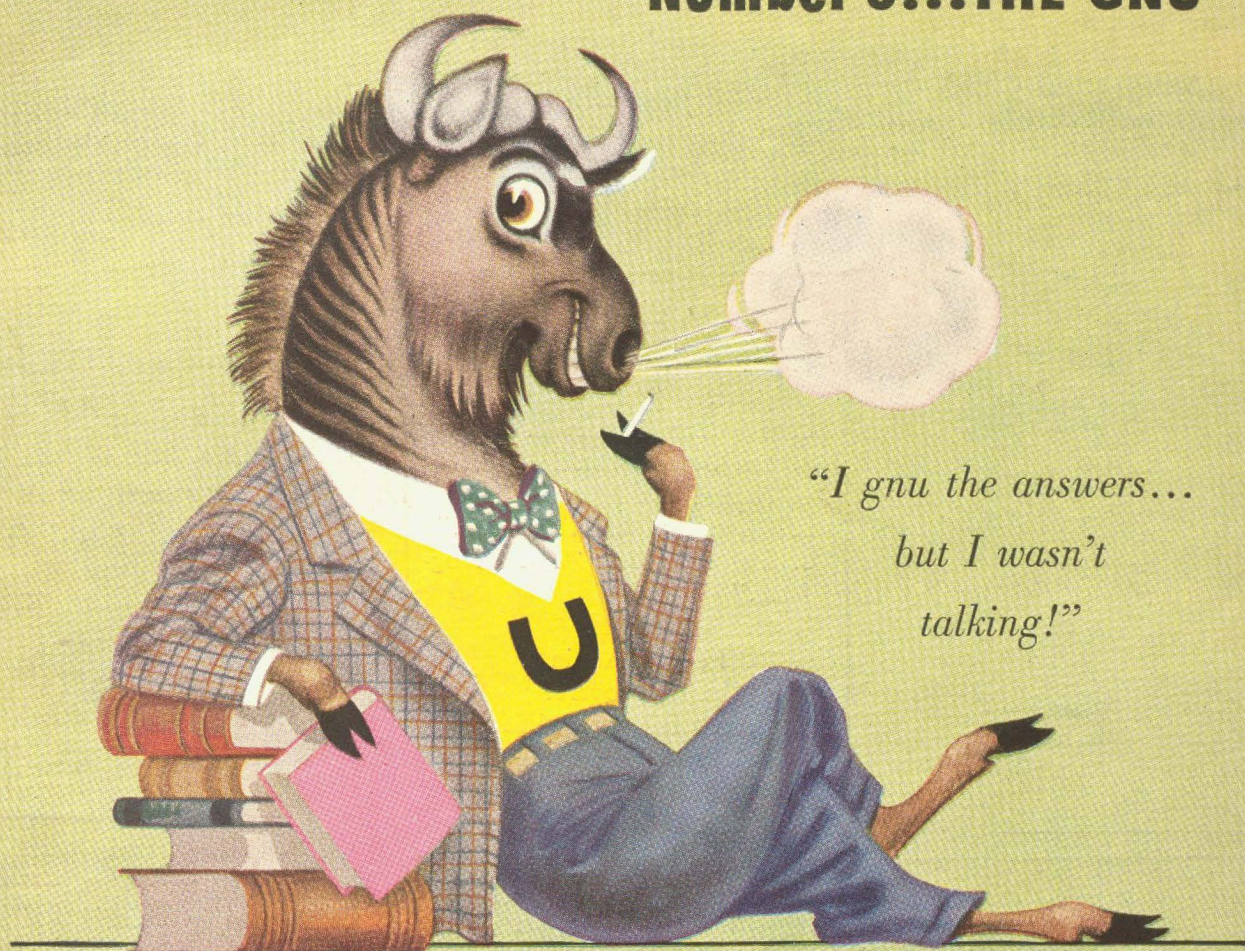
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